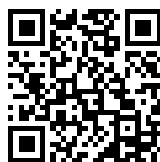

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FAUST,
IN A PROLOGUE AND FIVE ACTS.

ADAPTED AND ARRANGED FOR THE LYCEUM THEATRE BY

W. G. WILLS,

FROM THE

FIRST PART OF GOETHE'S TRAGEDY.



SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE 1. FAUST'S STUDY.

SCENE 2. NUREMBERG.—LORENZ-PLATZ.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. NUREMBERG.—MARGARET'S CHAMBER.

SCENE 2. NUREMBERG.—THE CITY WALL.

SCENE 3. NUREMBERG.—MARTHA'S HOUSE.

SCENE 4. NUREMBERG.—MARTHA'S GARDEN.

ACT II.

SCENE 1. TREES AND MOUNTAINS.

SCENE 2. NUREMBERG.—MARGARET'S GARDEN.

ACT III.

SCENE. NUREMBERG.—STREET BY CHURCH.

ACT IV.

SCENE. SUMMIT OF THE BROCKEN.

ACT V.

SCENE. NUREMBERG.—DUNGEON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MORTALS.

FAUST
VALENTINE.
FROSCH
ALTMAYER
BRANDER
SIEBEL
STUDENT
ERSTER	}	.	Citizens	.	}	
ZWEITER						
DRITTER						
VIERTER						
SOLDIER
MARGARET
MARTHA
BESSY
IDA
ALICE
CATHERIN

Citizens, Soldiers, Monks, &c., &c.

SPIRITS.

MEPHISTOPHELES
FIRST WITCH
SECOND WITCH
THIRD WITCH
FOURTH WITCH

Witches and Wizards, &c.

PERIOD ABOUT 1550.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE I. *Faust's Study. Faust discovered.*

Faust [gazing into magic mirror].

I LOOK in vain!—All dazzling emptiness!
My magic mirror hath no sign or symbol
Of coming joy to me—false, lying radiance!
Here left, upon this dawning Easter morn,
A man without a fear, without a hope—
A man who neither can believe or tremble—
I have grown white, delving in books for knowledge,
Theology, philosophy, and science:
All on my tongue, in endless flow of words,
A cobweb, vast, of juggle, lies, and mummery.
Must I live on from nothingness to nothingness,
From yesterday to struggle to forget
Unto to-morrow, which I'll meet with loathing.—
Whilst night and morn, with silent hint there stands,
Before mine eye, a gentle, full release.
Thou precious phial! Hail! . . .

With reverent hand
I take thee down, thou fatal sleepy friend.
Here is a brew will mantle in the void
Of the toilworn heart and brain. It is my choice,
And as a solemn greeting to the morn,
With all my soul I quaff.

[About to drink. Sound of bells and Easter Hymn.]

Hymn.

Joy unto mortals, He hath arisen
Forth from death's portals—from the grave's prison,

Lo ! He ascendeth ! Join ye the chorus !
Angels are singing and worshipping o'er us.

Hymn of Women.

With spice we embalmed Him—with linen we swathed
Him,

With tears of the loving and faithful we bathed Him ;
In burial we laid Him with prayer and with tear—
The stone is uplifted—the Lord is not here !

Faust. These far clear strains they seem to win my
hand

From its intent.

These hollow-sounding bells, proclaim
The sacred hour of Easter Festival !

In white young days, when prayer was joyfulness
Every sweet Sabbath peal upon mine ear,
Seemed to my soul a kiss of heavenly love ;
And as the chimes came to me o'er the hills,
Mine eyes have filled with tears of mystic longing.
Peal on ! Peal on, ye sweet and holy sounds,
Ye heavenly tones so soft and ravishing !
What's that ? a stir of life without—yet not
The footstep of a visitor.

Why, 'tis the hound which followed me last night :
Poor beast—how lean and desolate you look.
Gambolling round my melancholy steps
Upon the mountain path, you gladdened me,
Take in return my hospitality.

Since those sweet Easter strains, there seems
A gentle, peaceful look of home around,
And my lamp burns with quiet, friendly ray.
Still, still contentment dwells not in this breast,
Strange, withering thoughts are there—
Here left in my age, bare, blank, aghast,
A fear unto myself.

This ache pass from my heart.

How dimly burns the lamp—the moon is hid—
And, what grows there—a shadow or a spectre ?
The hound transformed to phantom or to demon :—

And I remember, when it met me first
It was the fatal desperate moment when
There burst from me a passionate appeal
To evil powers, if they should hear, to aid me.
Monster ! I will unmask thee !

Song of evil spirits without.

SONG.

Some one, within, is caught !
Stay without, follow him not !
Like the fox in a snare,
Quakes the old hell-lynx there.
Take heed—look about !

What sounds are those ?
If that thou art a fiend, I will exorcise thee !
My magic power I summon to my aid !
The mighty Spell of Four will I pronounce.

Fiery salamander glow !
Water-nymph in water flow !
Sylph in meteor-flame array !
Incubus ! come forth ! obey !

It stirs not ! then by a mightier name I swear
To conjure and to charm thee !
By the sign and by the spell,
Before which vanish the black spirits of the air !—
See, see ! it rises to the vaulted roof—
It fills the space with mist. Down to my feet !
Dar'st thou endure my spell of strongest might,
With holy fire will I scorch and sting thee !
Down, down at thy master's feet.

[MEPHISTOPHELES *appears through the mist.*

Mephis. What are my lord's commands ?

Faust. Who art thou ?

Mephis. We have met before ?

Faust. Where ? when ?

Mephis. As a black hound I've tracked your steps
And gamboll'd round you in your studious walks.

Faust. And now thou comest as some travelling scholar?

Tell me thy name and nature.

Mephis. A frivolous inquiry this from you.
Art thou not he who seeks the heart of things,
And laughs at names?

Faust. Ha, ha! See here this skull—
Canst thou set eyes within these hollow sockets,
Give it a tongue to tell its earthy secret?

Mephis. [*taking skull*]. Who knows? I might,
If these two jaws could wag again to words.
There is no secret worth the telling. Merely
"Twould say—" Doctor, I'm dead and damned."
This was a woman ruined by her lover.
She died upon the scaffold—for a crime.

Faust. What art thou?

Mephis. I am the Spirit that all good denies:
My proper element is Sin, the Bad,
Destruction! for whate'er to light is brought
I strive to kill—destroy.

Faust. Then I am face to face with thee.

Mephis. With me, that genial friend, who never
fails,

When summoned, to appear.

Faust. And thou hast but thy clenched devil's fist,
To menace with a malice impotent
The great creative Power! Poor son of chaos,
Select thou some more profitable calling.

Mephis. That we'll discuss hereafter, when I visit
you again; [*Sees PENTAGRAM and stops.*]
I will not tarry now.—

With your permission, Doctor,
I would now depart.

Faust. You do not need my leave; why stare and
ponder?

Mephis. There is a trifling obstacle withstands.
That wizard's foot upon your threshold there——
For ghosts and devils 'tis a law
By the same way they enter must they go.

Faust. So, 'tis the pentagram that puzzles thee.
But how, then, didst thou cross its lines,
When thou, who cannot hence, didst *enter* here?

Mephis. A simple answer—the magician bungled,
And left an *inner* angle slightly open.
It did admit, but will not let me forth.

Faust. Then even in hell you have your binding laws.
What law, then, governeth a devil's bond?

Mephis. Release me now—soon will I come again;
When thou shalt question me, at thy free will.

Faust. It is not every day we catch a fiend;
So I will hold thee fast.

Mephis. Content thee! since my presence charms
thee so,
And I will justify thy good opinion.
In airy bands—I spin an artless charm;
Hark to my spirits' song!
In one short hour thou shalt more pleasure taste
Than a whole year of life like thine can give.

[*Song of Spirits. Visions.*

Spirits' } Vanish, ye darkling
Chorus. } Vaults that hang over him!
Glancingly hither
Let the blue ether
Kindly look in.
Clouds that were darkling
Melt disappearing,
Little stars sparkling,
Glimmer within,
Infinite longing
Soon will have smote him,
Falling like shadows,
Cover the meadows,
Cover the bowers, &c. &c.

Mephis. He sleeps! My dainty sprites, your
slumb'rous melody
Alights upon his eyelids—Hush! he sleeps—
Not yet, good doctor, can you catch the devil!

Now for thy vaunted wizard pentagram.
A rat's quick tooth will break this threshold's spell.
Hark ! how my own pet vermin rustles in the case-
ment !

The lord of the frogs and the mice and the rats,
Of the fleas and the flies and the bugs and the bats,
Commands you with your sharp tooth's saw
The threshold of this door to gnaw.
Ha ! little minister, here comest thou hopping
To work with tiny saw upon that line—
Come, nibble, nibble—here—another bite,
One more—'tis done—the lock is gone,
Dream, Faust, until we meet again, dream on ! [*Exit.*]

[*Vision fades—Pause.*]

Faust (waking). A voice is in mine ear—I have been
sleeping,
There seems to be entrancement in the air.
Stay. . . . Whither is he fled, my visitor ?
Is all a cheat ? Methought I held him here
In magic barricade—and, lo ! he mocks me,—
He's gone. (*Looking at hour-glass.*) The sand is run.
'Tis morning ! [*Knock.*]

A knock ? Come in.

Mephis. (outside). 'Tis I.

Faust. Come in.

Mephis. Thrice must thou speak the words.

Faust. Come in, then. [*Enter Mephis.*]

Mephis. Good morning, Doctor. We shall soon
clasp hands

As the best friends in all the world.

What think you of my transformation ?

I come as squire of high degree,

With tall cock's feather in my hat.

Your pedlar with my wishing-box—Come, choose !

Light, life, and laughter, the gay living world.

Faust. Such worldly lot as thou dost offer
Can never satisfy, and canst but pain.

That thou desirest most must thou renounce;
And then comes death, the one desire fulfilled.

Mephis. And yet methinks a lonely man last night,
Who raised a certain phial to his lips,
Seemed to reflect that second thoughts were best.

Faust. If from desperate thoughts
My childhood's well-remembered hymn did win me,
And the old music, like a spell, brought back
Faded remembrances of happier days—
So do I now curse everything that binds
My soul in this accursed den of wretchedness.
Curst be all Knowledge—blasted, root and branch,
That rotten tree, whose fruit crumbles to dust !
Curst be Hope's balsam and its leprous lees,
Which rest like fire upon the shrivelled lip !
Curst be the slavish nature that I own,
Unbidden guest from my Creator's hands,
But on thee, Patience, be my deepest curse !

[*Chorus of invisible spirits.*]

Chorus. Woe ! woe ! the beautiful world
By the might of thy hand to ruin is hurled ;
A demi-god striketh—to wreck it is tossed.
Weep we and wail we for Beauty that's lost—
Mightiest, proudest one, wisest of men,
Build up the beautiful world again.

Mephis. Hark, how my little ones do counsel thee ;
Hark how they lure to pleasure and to action,
The lowest company that life affords
Would make thee among men, at least a man.
Come, Doctor, come !

Old age draws near. Death plucks thee by the hood.
I offer youth to you—hot, lusty youth !
To leap and run, light as the spotted stag !
The naughty dancing heart of twenty-one
Shall buffet at your ribs !—What say you, Doctor ?

Faust. You offer me a gift beyond all price !
What, in return, do you demand from me ?

Mephis. Oh, a mere trifle ; that's an after question.

Faust. In the Devil's charity I've little faith.

Out with your terms—what is the price you ask ?

Mephis. I'll not insult your grave sagacity
To make pretence that I do aught for pity.
To you I'll bind myself, to be your slave,
To do your bidding, serve you promptly, featly,
And, when we meet together—yonder—you,
Both soul and body shall be mine.

Faust. That *yonder* place gives me but small
concern—

Your wager I accept !

Mephis. Think well—I shan't forget.

Faust. I have thought well—

When I confess that I am happy, fiend,
And ask a joyous hour to linger with me,
Your service then be ended—I am forfeit.

Mephis. Done !

Faust. Then done !

Mephis. Clench we at once the bargain. [*Listening.*]
Hark !

A pupil in the passage there.

Faust. I cannot see him.

Mephis. The poor lad has been waiting a long time—
Put on your travelling gear, 'tis waiting there—
Give me your cap and gown. I'll not discredit you.
Trust to my wits ; I rather like the whim ;
[*Puts on cap and gown.*]

This masquerade becomes me charmingly.

Faust. Make brief thy mummery. [*Exit.*]

Mephis. Aye, so go on, reason and knowledge scorn,
And soon you will be ripe unto the plucking !
Mine thou shalt be, and mine thou shalt remain.

Student knocks twice—no answer—peeps in, and enters.

Student. Great master, hail ! I have just arrived in
town,

And have with much enthusiasm come

To hear the voice of such a mighty scholar.

Mephis. Indeed ! you flatter me—a simple man.

Student. My mother scarce would give consent,

She would have kept me half-informed at home ;
But I love learning, and was resolute,
And came for knowledge and for schooling here.

Mephis. I fear you should have sought some better
teacher.

Which of the faculties, sir, would you choose ?

Student. I would be a logician, as a base
For legal study and deep metaphysics,
The which I quite adore !

Mephis. Make good use of your time, for fast time
flies :—

Therefore begin with discipline and method.
Logic, young friend, is a divided rule,
By which you measure everything you say.—
You speak. Good. Nothing follows from your words :
It therefore follows that you've nothing said.
All nature is analysis and synthesis,
The esoteric and the exoteric method.
“ The first was so, the second so ;
Therefore the third and fourth are so ;
If first and second were not, then
The third and fourth had never been.”

Student. I don't entirely comprehend.

Mephis. Indeed !

Student. It seems as if the room turned round and
round.

Mephis. No matter ! Next time you'll get better.

Student. Theology, I'd almost like to study—
Or Medicine, master, what think you of that ?

Mephis. [*Aside*]. This nonsense bores me.—I'll
frisk my cloven foot. [*Aloud.*

The principles of Medicine are most easy.
Nature, Man, study all things, great and small—
Then leave them at the last—just as God will.
A medical degree is most important :
On your imposture stick the genuine label,
And there's no need of skill.—Dose 'em to death !
It is not needful that you have much science ;
But study above all things female nature.

With air respectful, tender, fatherly,
And some endearing, reassuring name,
“My dear,” “my child,” “my lamb,” “and how are
we?”—

You hold the little pulse with gentle pressure,
Play with the little hand, till palm meets palm,
Sit close, and closer on the couch, to hear,
How beats the timid fluttering little heart,
To feel the waist be not too tightly laced.

Student. Ah, doctor! I can understand you well,
I think that is the faculty for me.

Good doctor! would you honour my poor book
By just one line of writing?

Mephis. Most willingly! [*Writes.*

Student [*Reading*]. “Ye shall be as God, knowing
good and evil.”

[*Pauses puzzled, repeats text, “Knowing good and
evil, ye shall be,” &c.*

Mephis. Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

Student. Ah!

[*Slowly exits backwards gazing at Mephisto-
pheles.*

Mephis. Eden’s old serpent, he was knavish wise.
Be that your maxim, every stair you climb
Of knowledge, which ascendeth to the gods,
Your steps shall sure be dogged by pale repentance.

Re-enter FAUST.

Faust. Now whither shall we go? How shall I
bear me?
Shy and old-fashioned am I—out of date.

Mephis. A brief receipt I give—the much in little—
Be self-possessed—that’s the whole art of living.

Faust. Let us speed forth at once.

Mephis. A moment. There’s a form yet unfulfill’d.
Oblige me with your signature to this.

Faust. Dost thou not trust me?

Mephis. Well, Doctor, no—
I’ve had some trifling practice in these matters.

And there's a tendency in such small mortgages —
You'd scarce believe it, though—to cheat the Devil.

Faust. How wilt thou have me sign ?
Shall I engrave it upon brass,
Or carve it out in everlasting marble ?

Mephis. A waste of eloquence—a scrap will do.
Sign with a drop of blood.

Faust. My blood ! whatever you may please.

[*Baring his arm.*

Mephis. [*Touching his arm with his dagger.*] Blood
is a juice of curious quality.

Sign there.

Faust [*Signs*]. Then, there !

Mephis. Mine !

Within the hour thy lips shall taste
That wondrous miracle of witches' skill—the draught
of youth !

From these old ashes of your body, doctor,
Shall rise a bright young Phoenix all new plumed.
This cloak of mine shall be our magic car
To waft us o'er the plains like two black eagles.
Welcome, my friend, to this new life !
A pleasant change ! I wish you joy of it.

[*They disappear.* Thunder.]

SCENE 2. — *Nuremberg. Evening. Lorenz Platz.*
Organ from church. Townspeople, young and
old, soldiers, monks, &c. &c.—some entering
church.

DRITTER, meeting ZWEITER.

Dritter. Good morrow, friend.

Zweiter. Good morrow.

Dritter. Well, what think you now of our new
Burgomaster ?

Art more content with him ?

Zweiter. Content ! Why should I be ?
The rates and taxes rise from day to day.

Dritter. Aye, true. This never-ending war is like
a sieve—

We pour our taxes in, it never fills.

Zweiter. Aye, and I'll pay, whilst bloodshed comes
not nigh us.

So long as war keeps at respectful distance,
I give them leave to slit each other's throats.

Let us have peace at home ; that's all I ask for.

[*They enter church.*

[*Laughter without. Enter FROSCH, ALTMAYER,
BRANDER, and SIEBEL from tavern ; followed
by hostess.*

Frosch [*Singing*]. Fly away, fly away, Lady nightin-
gale,

Over the mountain and over the dale !

Fly to my sweetheart out over the sea,

And greet her a thousand times for me.

Siebel. Nay, greet my sweetheart not ! I tell you
I'll resent it.

Frosch. My sweetheart greet and kiss ! I dare you
to prevent it.

Chorus. Draw the latch ! The darkness makes.

Draw the latch ! The lover wakes.

Shut the latch ! The morning breaks.

Siebel. Yes, sing away, sing on, and praise and
brag of her !

I'll wait my proper time. I'll laugh anon.

Me by the nose she led ; she'll soon lead you.

[*Laughter and clinking of glasses.*

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST.

Mephis. Here is another foretaste of the world
you've entered on,

The joyous rollick of these gentlemen.

Free rout and shout—each vie in making noise,

And very little wit goes very far. [*A hush among all.*

[*Aloud*] Good morrow, gentlemen.

Frosch [*Aside*]. A saucy scarecrow. [*Aloud*] Sir,
you have travell'd, I dare swear,

And seen some curious things, but have you met
Since your arrival here, with our town fool ?

Mephis. We passed him in the street, not long ago ;
He sent a greeting to his cousin Frosch.

[*Bows to Frosch.*]

Frosch [*Aside*]. He knows my name.

Altmayer [*Aside*]. He had you there.

Frosch. Sir, do you stare at me ?

Mephis. But admiration—admiration, sir !

Siebel [*Aside.*] I'll smoke him — I'll draw him out—
[*To Mephis.*] A paunch is weariness and dole, my
master,

If I might ask ;—how did you get so lean ?

Mephis. Fasting, and piety, and wholesome liquor :

[*Taking wine from hostess.*]

It is such trash as this has blown you out.

Siebel. Unless you give us better, sir—hang it—
Your manpers are but scurvy.

Mephis. And your wines are but execrable.
But that I fear to anger our good host,
I'd have us drink some choicer wine together.

Siebel. I'll answer for our host—produce the wine ;
Is it in cask, or bottle ? I can't see it.

Mephis. But soon you shall. Where will ye have
it from ?

The barrel, chairs, or table ?

Altmayer. Oh, you don't know us, if you think
we'll brook

Such banter from a stranger.

Mephis. Eh ? Ha, ha ! I would not banter such
distinguished company.

Bring me a gimlet here.

Brander. Here in the tool chest, we'll find that.

Frosch [*Aside*]. A gimlet ! hang him, let us try
him ! [*Brings tool chest from tavern door.*]

Brander. Here is the tool chest.

Mephis. Good ! and here's the gimlet.
Some wax for stoppers—quick ! we want that.

Brander. Here's wax ! here's wax in plenty.

Siebel. Pshaw ! a juggler's trick.

Mephis. Now, gentlemen, the choice is free ; make up your minds.

You, noble sir, begin.

Siebel. Eh ? go to the Devil.

Mephis. Will you try his tap ? Come, name your wine—
[*Boring table.*

Good Rhenish ?

Siebel. Good rotten eggs !

Mephis. And you, sir—your choice ? [*Boring.*

Altmayer [*Aside*]. Humour him.

Frosch. Well, if this table be your cask, good Rhenish, sir, for me.

Mephis. And you, sir ?

Altmayer. Me ? oh, something sweet and rare.

Mephis [*Boring*]. Tokay ! It shall be of the best.

Mephis. And lastly, you, sir. What wine for you ?
[*Boring.*

Brander. For me. Oh, anything ! whatever I can get.

Mephis. You're easy satisfied. [*With gestures.*

Wine is juice and wood the vine,

Bacchus is the lord of wine,

Drink with faith, nor pause to puzzle,

Here is wine in plenty—guzzle.

Every man withdraw the stopper,

And drink such wine as he thinks proper.

[*As each draws stopper, wine runs into glass.*

Frosch. [*Holding up glass*]. Look there !

Siebel. Look there !

Brander. It looks like wine !

Mephis. Smell it ! there's bouquet for a prince !

Siebel [*Drinking*]. 'Tis Rhenish—superb Rhenish !

Frosch [*Drinking*]. Glorious Rhenish !

Siebel. It is a miracle from heaven or hell !

Mephis. Drink ! but be cautious not to spill.

There's danger in a drop that falls.

All [*Singing*]. That we will ! That we will !

Like five hundred swine we swill.

[*They drink repeatedly.*

Mephis. [*To Faust.*] Look at them now; the
happiest of men.

Faust. Come, let us go.

Mephis. Nay, wait; wait till you see them in their
glory.

Siebel [*Singing*]. Like five hundred swine we swill.
[*Drinking carelessly, spills wine on ground,*
which turns to flame.

Hollo! hollo! we're drinking fire.

Mephis. [*Aside*]. Down friendly element! be still.

[*Aloud*] Only a little purgatorial flame.

[*Flame dies away. Exit Faust.*

Altmayer. What does the fellow say?

Siebel. Better take care.

Frosch. No tricks with us, sir.

Siebel. Don't you play your hocus-pocus here.

Mephis. Silence, old wine-tub!

Siebel. Wine-tub!

Altmayer. Let's have some more.

[*Draws spiggot, fire shoots out towards him.*

Ten thousand devils! help! I'm burning, burning!

All. Kill him! he's a wizard. Kill him! kill him!

[*They draw their knives and rush at Mephisto.*

Mephis. [*With gestures.*] False pictures form in air,
Change place, sense ensnare,

Shift here, shift there. [*They stand petrified.*

Frosch. Where am I? what strange land is this?

Altmayer. What vineyards, too!

Siebel. And see—grapes cluster to my hand.

Altmayer. What leafy bowers! What a bunch!

[*He holds Siebel by the nose. They draw their*
knives as if to cut down bunches.

Mephis. [*With gestures.*] Error cease, you have
awoke;

Mark, how the devil cracks a joke.

[*Mephisto disappears.*

Siebel. What is it?

Brander. What?

Frosch. Was that your face?

Brander. And this, your purple nose, I pulled for grapes?

Altmayer. My head is swimming.

Siebel. My inside is a-fire.

Altmayer. And mine.

Brander. And mine.

Frosch. What is the matter with you all?

Siebel. Where is the juggler gone? He'll smart for this, if he meets me.

[*Church clock strikes. Organ.*

Is the wine running still?

Frosch. Eh? Wine! No. 'Twas all a cheat.

Altmayer. I'm sure I tasted wine.

Brander. And I'm sure I saw grapes.

Siebel. I thought I saw them, too—big purple bunches.

Altmayer. Well, miracles have ceased;

No wonders after this.

[*Exeunt, confusedly talking to one another. People come out of church. Re-enter Faust.*

Faust. My yoke-fellow is gone, who measures me by his own brutish tastes.

Enter MARGARET, dogged by MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. What angel walks the street!

Pretty lady, pray accept my escort;

I fain would guard thee home.

Mar. Sir, I am not pretty, nor yet a lady;
I have no need of any escort home. [*Exit quickly.*

Faust. The air is chiming with her words!

Mephis. Eh, doctor? What? You're on the scent?

Faust. Saw you that lovely maid who passed but now?

Mephis. A creature with pale eyes and yellow hair?

Faust. The same.

Mephis. Sweet saint, she's just returned from her confessor,

Who gave her, with a smile, full absolution.

Poor creature, she had nothing to confess.

I have no power over her.

Faust. Had I but two short hours at the task,
Trust me, I should not ask the devil's aid
To win a simple maiden to my hand.

Mephis. Spoken like an old French rake, who has
no faith

In any female virtue 'neath the sun.

Faust. Since you and I have been companions
You've led me a dull round of feverish revelry and
hollow pleasure.

Now, when I've found a spring
In the dry desert—and I seek to drink—
You hold me back—and you deny me.

Mephis. Be calm, my friend, be calm! The girl is
yours.

Faust. Fetch me her kerchief, or some withered
flowers—

Something her hand hath touched.

Mephis. I will do better,—for within the hour
I'll give you entrance to her maiden chamber,
And you shall breathe its fragrant atmosphere,
And contemplate the happiness to come.

Faust. Fetch me some lustrous present to enchant
her!

Mephis. Ah! presents already!
That's the plan—that's the way to woman's heart.
Be she a saint, be she a Magdalen,
A dangling diamond makes her simply—woman.

Faust. Where is her home?

Mephis. Yonder! Its windows peep through
jessamine—

You'll enter through the garden at the back.

Faust. Ah, fairest one! my soul doth follow thee.

[*Exit after MARGARET.*]

Mephis. So prone are mortals to their own dam-
nation

It seems as if the Devil's use were gone!

[*Bells peal out. Monks enter from church.*]

END OF PROLOGUE.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Nuremberg. Margaret's Chamber.*
Twilight.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST.

Mephis.

COME in, tread softly; this is the dove's nest.
Faust. Leave me.

Mephis. I will.

None shall disturb thy saintly vigil.

My spell is on the house till I come back;

[*Looking round the room*] Humph!

It is not every girl keeps things so neat. [*Exit.*]

Faust. Sweet holy twilight, welcome! 'Tis the
shrine

And sanctuary of spotless girlhood.

What peace and order!

What calm content reigns all around her chamber!

In this neat poverty there is a wealth,

In this small room, a maiden majesty!

Dear hand, which leaves its charm on these dull things,

And lends this lowly home the light of heaven.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephis. Quick, quick, she's coming to the door.

Faust. Aye, hence, and never more will I return!

Mephis. Why, what a virtuous outburst!—

Here is the casket which I've brought.

Faust. Brought what?

Mephis. Some toasted cheese to catch a little mouse.

Quick, place it in the trap—pale pearls, bright
diamonds.

I've been to fetch 'em—from—elsewhere.

Faust. I know not. Shall I?

Mephis. Oh, shall you? Would you keep the trash
yourself?

I hope you are not growing avaricious!

[*Puts casket in press.*]

Faust. She's here!

Mephis. Come, come away. Aye, child is child, and
play is play. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MARGARET with lamp.

Mar. It seems so close, so sultry here, yet in the
garden

The air was chilly. [*Opens window.*] I feel strange
and nervous.

'Tis mine own chamber—what should frighten me?

[*Goes to a little statue of Virgin, and crosses herself.*]

From all things evil, holy mother, guard me!—

Why do I still keep thinking, thinking, thinking?

He was so handsome, manly, confident.

His boldness had a charm, a grace in it,

That proved distinction.

But when I checked him, in an angry tone,

How he submitted, with a silent bow,

And with an air respectful and yet sad.

I might have answered him with gentleness,

And so have spared myself from this regret.

He is a stranger—we'll not meet again.

Heigh ho! I know not why, but I feel sad.

[*Singing.*]

“There was a king in Thulé,

Was faithful to the grave;

To whom his dying true-love

A golden goblet gave.

And when his days were ending,

His township o'er he told,

Gave all to his successors—

Gave not a cup of gold.

Aloft at the regal banquet,

Among his knights sat he,
All in the halls of his fathers
In the castle by the sea.”
[*Opens the press to put away things, and discovers
the casket.*

What's here! An inlaid casket! I'm sure I locked
the press.

It must be fancy. Nay! a beautiful casket:

I feel it, it is real!

Why, how could it come here?

Sure such a shell must hide some lovely kernel;

And see! a ribbon, and a little key.

I'm trembling at the thought of opening it.

Yet I must take a peep. Would that be wrong?

If I do not I shall die of curiosity.

Heavens, what a blaze!

Oh!—oh!—never, never have I seen trinkets and
jewels like to these!

[*Mephistopheles peeps in.*

They are quite wonderful!

Those pearls of moonlight, and those starry diamonds!

I wonder how this chain would look on me.

Mephis [*Aside*]. She takes the bait—all women are
alike!

Mar. I almost feel afraid to touch it!

Oh, beautiful! how beautiful!

The earrings, too! oh, if they were but mine!

Whose can they be? they'd grace a duchess or a
queen.

How do I look, I wonder?

Mephis [*Aside*]. Bewitching! The best card in all
my hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. How strange they make one!

They give one quite a different air.

A thought! perhaps 'twas he—

That noble he—who left them here!

I feel my head half wild with pride and pleasure.

No, no, he cannot think of a poor girl like me!

I wonder shall we ever meet again?

I wonder will my happy simple life
Ever grow dreamful and disturbed ?

SCENE 2.—*Nuremberg. The City Wall.*

Enter FAUST.

Faust. But once I saw her, 'twas a passing glimpse,
And yet the whole infection of her beauty
Hath passed into my blood, and left a fever.
Are our emotions but the toy and sport
Of every change of scene and waft of air ?

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephis. Now by the purgatorial flames ! By Hell !
I would I could invent some feller curse !

Faust. Why, what's the matter ?

Mephis. If I were not the Devil, I would cry,
“The Devil take me, if I suffer it !”

Faust. What is the cause of this Satanic anger ?

Mephis. A weasel monk has come and sucked the
eggs.

The jewels that I've found for Margaret
He hath empocketed for Mother Church,
A morsel for her most insatiate maw.

Faust. What do you mean ?

Mephis. Her mother found poor Margaret in her
finery ;

(And how she got an inkling, I can't tell,
The nose that woman hath is past belief,)
And finding something cursed in the trinkets,
She straight devotes them unto Mother Church.
“She,” quoth the monk, “hath a good stomach,
She can eat up all, and never, never over-eat
herself.”

Faust. And Margaret ?

Mephis. Well—she didn't look religious.
She wept awhile, and to the monk was deaf ;

Who praised her for her meek self sacrifice.
And now she's sighing, thinking of the giver,
And wond'ring if she'll ever see him more.

Faust. Then bring me to her.

Mephis. I'll watch that greedy monk — a fat-
paunch'd monk.

Faust. Your plan?

Mephis. A very simple one.

I go at once to visit old dame Schwerdtlein,
The confidential neighbour of our Margaret.
This eve the two will have a pleasant gossip
Touching the casket, and the handsome stranger,
When I'll drop in—a messenger from far,
To bring the smug grass-widow cheerful news.
And then to gain a footing in the house,
Say that her husband died in Padua.

Faust. And then——

Mephis. Then slyly add, I am a bachelor,
And gain the gentle widow's confidence.
Good soul, she'll need another witness, though.

Faust. What witness?

Mephis. You.

Faust. I cannot go to Padua.

Mephis. Sancta simplicitas! there is no need.
Can you not say you saw the corpse? that's all.

Faust. Then I refuse!

Mephis. O holy man, that would outwit the devil!
Is it the first time that the learned reverend
Hath sworn to what he knew could not be true?
Have you not taught theology and science,
Matters, in truth, you knew as little of,
As now you do, of poor old Schwerdtlein's death?

Faust. But threadbare sophistry! I will not meet
her.

Mephis. Who forces thee? Then do *not* meet her.
Was I not with your worship's strict command,
To get you opportunity?—Ah well!
Let's hence, for there be other sirens in the sea.
Come, doctor, flee temptation. Ah—you linger?

Faust. [*Aside.*] How he doth cast a hellish light
On what a moment since seemed sweet as flowers !
(*Aloud*) Go on.

Mephis. Well, then, I pay my court to mistress
Martha,

A jaunty, thriving suitor, fallen in years ;
(No vows, no honeyed speech, no upturned eyes,
Nothing, God knows, to spoil the widow's peace,)
And in a trice his worship will appear,
The wolf—the rake—to turn the lambkin's head,
And take his fill of love, and—perjury.

Faust (*aside*). To see her face—to feel its gaze on
me—

To hear her voice—*her voice* !

(*Aloud*) Come, lead me to her—let me blindly meet
her. [*Exit.*

Mephis. The profligate ! he'd keep behind the
mask,

He would sip passion with a parching throat,
And, as he yieldeth, to his tempting heart
He calls *me* his betrayer.

Alas ! poor Satan ! how you're daily wronged !

Happy you have a shoulder that can bear it,

Or else in time you'd grow a thing to pity. [*Exit.*

SCENE 3.—*Nuremberg. Martha's Cottage.*

MARTHA, *working.*

Martha. This day, six years ago, my husband left
me,

Homeless and penniless, a poor lone woman.

I wish I could cease thinking of him ;

Forsooth, he treated me most scurvily ;

And not a sign or token has he sent,

To let me know if he be still alive.

I cannot tell if I'm a wife or widow.

I should be happy, could I only find

Certificate of his death and burial ;
Should he return, poor man,—the Lord forbid it !—
He'd quickly drink and dice away my chattels.

Enter MARGARET.

Ah, Margaret? welcome, welcome, pretty pet!

Mar. Oh, Martha dear, I have so much to tell you.
See how I tremble,—I can scarcely stand.

Martha. Sit down, sit down; be calm, and tell me all.

Mar. Last evening, when I looked within my press,
What think you that I found?

Martha. A love-letter.

Mar. A lovely casket filled with costly gems!

Martha. From that noble gentleman you spoke of.
I said that he was rich!

Mar. You think 'twas he? I've dared to think
the same.

But, Martha, I have yet to tell the end;

I was in such a silly ecstasy,

I put the jewels on before the glass;

I scarcely knew myself—I sang, I laughed,

When suddenly I heard my mother's voice.

I nearly fainted, not a word I spake.

Martha. Ah! then your mother took them; do not fret,

Where they came from there are lots more behind.

Mar. But only hear. To-day I found
Another box, of ebon wood, just where the other lay—

Martha. Another box?

Mar. Brimful of jewels, richer than the first.

Martha. You must not let your mother know of this,

Or she will take them all.

Mar. [*Showing jewels.*] Look here, look here!

Martha. You lucky little creature!

Mar. And yet I could not go to market, Martha,
Or to church, decked out in gems like

Martha. Oh, I'll invent something.
You can slip over here from day to day,
And put them on, and wear them one by one ;
On holidays, or at a dance, the brooch,
The diamond necklace, or the earrings.

Mar. How beautiful they are ! You think he cares
for me ?

Martha. The surest measure that I know of love,
Is by the value of the gift, my pet.

Mar. [*frightened.*] Hark ! hark ! my mother !

[*Knock at door. Martha goes to open it. Mephistopheles peeps in through lattice and enters.*]

Mephis. Pardon my coming unceremoniously.

[*He steps back respectfully on seeing Margaret, and bows.*]

It is Dame Martha Schwerdtlein whom I seek.

Martha. Your servant, sir. You startled me at first.

Mephis. I have a message for you, but 'twill keep.
I'll come again, when you are more at leisure.
You have, I see, a guest of consequence.

Martha. The funniest thing I ever knew. I can
but laugh.

He takes you for a lady, dear.

Mar. These jewels are not mine. You mock me,
sir.

Mephis. Ah ! brighter gems are yours—your air !
your grace !

Martha. Now, sir, your news ; I am all ears—
News from abroad ?

Mephis. Precisely, you have guessed it.
Madam, your husband's dead, and sends his love.

Martha. My husband dead ! The faithful creature—
my husband dead ! Let me die too !

Mar. Ah ! how I pity you ! be comforted.

Mephis. Hear the unhappy story to the end.

You are a widow, madam—
Most charming, independent state in life.

Martha. Pray tell me how he died, and where, sweet
sir ?

Mephis. His wine-swoln body sleeps in Padua,
In all the odour of sobriety,
And in a grave selected well, for cool, and comfortable
rest.

Martha. And have you nothing more to bring me,
sir?

Mephis. I have—a prayer; a message from the
sainted dead,
That you provide three hundred masses for him.

Martha. Three hundred masses! how am I to
pay?

What, has he sent me nothing—not a trinket?
Some trifling gift to touch a body's heart.

Mephis. Well, to his credit, I must tell you,
madam,

He parted in a most repentant state;
Much did he sorrow for his wickedness,—
Though his bad luck at dice grieved him much more.

Martha. Oh, sir! fie, fie!

Mar. [*Aside*]. Nay, be more gentle with her,—'twas
her husband.

Mephis. Ah, lovely lady, how compassionate!

[*Aside.*] What could I wish you but a gallant husband.

Mar. I do not think of that; spare me your wish.

Mephis. Well, till the husband come—some gallant
lover—

To fondle, and caress, and call your own.

Mar. The custom of our country is not so.

Mephis. Custom or not, it happens, though.

Martha. Now, sir, I'm calm, go on.

Mephis. Good madam, I, myself, was by his bed,
And sure he made a very Christian ending.

"I should die happy," the old sinner cried,

"Could I but know my Martha had forgiven me."

Martha [*Weeping*]. Dear heart—why I forgave him
long ago.

Mephis. "Yet she, God knows," said he, "was more
to blame than I;

Her tongue was wagging, morning, noon, and night."

Martha. Oh, what a lie! — and almost in his coffin.

What, did the wretch forget he owed me all?

Mephis. "Once," said he, "leaving Malta, I did pray

A blessing on my wife, and heaven rewarded me.

We robbed the Sultan's galley of a treasure,

And I received a handsome share of booty."

Martha. What, think you, sir, he buried it?

Mephis. Buried it? No; his heart was far too sordid.

Strolling through Naples, a most gorgeous damsel

Took pity on his loneliness and pelf,

And spent it for him in a week or two.

Martha. Wretch! This report kills all my love for him.

Mar. Sir, sir, you are, indeed, too cruel.

Mephis. Madam, take my advice as from a friend.

Mourn one chaste year, and meanwhile look about

For a good, well-conditioned second spouse.

Martha. Alack, alack, such an ungrateful wretch Gives small encouragement to try again.

Mephis. Ah! had he known what a fond wife he had! —

Treat *me* as well, and, madam, I protest

I'd ask you on the moment to change rings.

Martha. Oh, sir!

Mephis. Oh, dame! [*Aside*]. I'd best be off, or she may take the devil at his word.

Mar. [*Aside*]. He mocks you, neighbour.

Martha [*Aside*]. Nay, nay, I think the gentleman is most polite.

Mephis. Ladies, farewell.

Martha. Stay, stay, sir, one word more; I'd like to have some proof—

Some witness or certificate—to show

That my poor man is really dead and buried.

Mephis. [*Aside*]. An eye to business.

Martha. That would comfort me.

Mephis. Well thought; a witness I expect in town,
A friend of mine, a noble gentleman.

Martha. Ah! Most important!

Mephis. I'll bring him here.

Martha. This evening, pray do.

Mephis. And this young lady, shall we find her
here—

A gay young gallant, a great traveller.

Mar. I'd be abashed before him, sir.

Mephis. You, lady? Not before an emperor.

Martha. The garden then, behind the house—

We shall expect both gentlemen

This evening. Farewell till then.

Mephis. Ladies, farewell.

Martha. A courtly gentleman, and so polite.

This evening, pet, you'll not forget?

Give me the jewels, dear; I will take care of them.

Your mother sha'n't have these. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4. *Nuremberg—Martha's Garden.*

FAUST and MARGARET. MEPHISTOPHELES and MARTHA.

Mar. You put me to the blush.

My simple speech cannot attract a man

Who knows the world so well.

And it must be that thou hast flocks of friends,

Wise, sensible, with whom I can't compare.

Faust. Thou precious one, in all thy humbleness;
More wise by far thy sweet simplicity.

[*Faust kisses her hand.*]

Mar. Ah, no, sir, no, how can you kiss it,—

It is so coarse, so hard.

Faust. One glance from thee, one word delights me
more,

Than all the boasted wisdom of the world. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES and MARTHA.

Martha. And you have been a traveller all your life?

Mephis. For ever, madam, up and down the world,
Yet all my instincts are domestic, madam.

Martha. Whilst one is young, I well can understand
A roving life unfetter'd by a family ;
But for a sad old homeless bachelor,
Without a soul to nurse, or care for him,
That seems to me a shocking state of things !

Mephis. I shudder, madam, when I think of it.

Martha. Why, then be warned in time, before 'tis
late.

Mephis. There is one obstacle that holds me back.

Martha. And that ?

Mephis. My modesty.

Martha. Ah, sir, you'll find a woman always ready
To comfort and encourage a shy lover,
And almost make for him his declaration.

Mephis. Dear madam, you encourage me so kindly.
You have a comfortable little home ?

Martha. And you, no doubt, a handsome income, sir ?

Mephis. Oh, plenty, thank you. We are getting
on. [Exeunt.

Enter FAUST and MARGARET.

Mar. A moment wilt thou give to thought of me,
I shall have time enough to think of thee.

Faust. And art thou much alone ?

Mar. Alone I ever am.

We have a little home and pretty garden
Which father left us when he died ;
And so we are not poor.
But mother is so saving and so anxious,
That all the household work must fall on me.
We have no maid—so I am ever knitting,
Sewing and cooking—not that I complain,
But we *might* live as easy as our neighbours—
Indeed, I have no time except to *think*.

Faust. Hast thou no sisters—brothers ?

Mar. I have *one* brother—he's so fond of me.
He is a soldier.—I had a baby sister,

But she is dead—and now when I remember
The world of sleepless trouble 'twas to me,
I feel how I could welcome twice the pain
To have its dimpled cheek again to kiss,
I loved the darling so.—

Faust. An angel sweet, if it resembled thee.

Mar. I reared it from its birth—It seemed to love me,
For 'twas the same as motherless—so ill
Our mother lay. She could not give it suck,
Or tend it—so its precious little life
Was in my hands, half care and half delight.
At night, its cradle stood beside my bed,
And I would wake in fright if it should turn,
Or toss in feverish sleep—I still was anxious,
Even in my dreams.—Sometimes a crying fit
Would seize it—then I needs must start from bed,
And soothing lift the little wailing mite,
And up and down the bedroom, rocking it
Softly within my arms and crooning to it,
Hush it to sleep again. Then with broken rest
I yet must rise when birds begin to chirp,
And be at work—the washtub or the market,
And all the little household cares again ;—
You see when one is always on the strain,
Though one be young and strong, it is no wonder
The spirits sometimes sink.

Faust. When thou art absent I'll yet talk to thee,
And frame thine answers with a still delight.
Ah, you take heart and raise your eyes to me—
The stars beam from those eyelid clouds at last.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES and MARTHA.

Martha. 'Tis hard to change a dry, old bachelor.

Mephis. I've been a sad scamp, madam, in my time ;
And yet folk say "The scamp makes the best husband."

Martha. And have you never met a lady, sir—
In confidence—you never had a fancy ?

Mephis. It was my ruin : young and old I fancied.

Martha. Oh, fye, fye ! I wish to say, Have you been ever serious ?

Mephis. With ladies, madam, 'tis not safe to jest.

Martha. I mean, sir, have you ever had a liking ?

Mephis. The favour shown me everywhere is great.

Martha. Ah, sir, your heart is good, but you are simple.

I mean, you ought to marry.

Mephis. What, a widow ?

Martha. Sir !

Mephis. A widow has one charm—she knows so much. [Exeunt.

Enter FAUST and MARGARET.

Mar. And yet too soon—too soon. I know thee not.

Faust. Ah ! do you doubt me ?

Mar. If you had known me, even for a year,
I'd think, yes, he may love me for myself ;
But now—

Faust. You think, mayhap, because the time is short

Since we have met, that I may partly feign.
The time doth fail, and words are faint and bloodless,
To show thee my bright ecstasy within—
The new-born planet of my endless love !

Mar. My heart is full—tears come—I know not why.

To-night is like the first day spent in heaven—

All peace, all trust, and yet all wonderment.

I had no warning of this happiness—

The blessed Virgin sent no dream to me—

And now I am so joyed. Dost love me so ?

Faust. Thou art the only light that ever shone
Across my path of life—My first—last idol !

Mar. Dost love me so, indeed ! Stay, I will prove it.

[She plucks a daisy, and begins to pull the petals.

Faust. What dost thou with the flower ?

Mar. You'll only laugh at me ; go—go.

Faust. What are you murmuring so sweetly there ?

Mar. He loves me—he loves me not.

Faust. I guess, sweet love !

Mar. Loves me—loves me not ; loves me—loves me not. He loves me !

Faust. Yes, child, and let this little flower speak,
As if a spirit whisper'd in thine ear—"He loves me."
Dost know the meaning of those words, "He loves me ?"

Mar. I tremble—let me be silent.

[*She suddenly presses his hand convulsively, then exits hurriedly. He stands for a moment in thought, then follows her.*]

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES and MARTHA.

Martha. I hope, dear sir, that you are not a flirt ?

Mephis. 'Twould be impossible to flirt with you.

Martha. You could not, having won a lady's love—
Her husband and her parents dead—desert her.

Mephis. A widow and an orphan, madam, never !

Martha. Dear man !

When my first husband was betrothed to me—
Well I remember—'twas a night like this—
He closed our bargain with a—you can guess—
Upon the cheek.

Mephis. What, with his open hand ?

Martha. Nay, saucy one, his mouth.

Mephis. Hem ! Madam, its getting late.

Martha. Aye, true, I'd ask you to stay longer,
But this is such a place for wicked gossip,
And take what heed you may, whate'er you do
You are certain to get talked about.

Mephis. Aye, madam, true, 'tis a censorious world.

Martha. But our young couple, where are they ?

Mephis. They're flown up yonder path, the naughty
love-birds.

Martha. He's very fond of her, it seems.

Mephis. And she of him, I think—the old story,
the old story, madam. [Exit *Martha*.]
Where will she go to, by and by,
I wonder? I won't have her.

MARGARET runs in, and hides behind tree.

Mar. He's coming!

FAUST follows, looking for her.

Faust. At last! At last I've caught you!

Mar. [Clasping him]. I love thee! Oh, thou King
of all the World!

Mephis. [Peeping in. Aside.] That kiss doth seal
thee mine! [Coughs.]

Faust [Starting]. Who's there?

Mephis. A friend!

Faust [Mockingly]. A friend!

Mephis. Thou King of all the World, 'tis time to go.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Trees and mountains.*

Faust.

THOU glorious nature, thou art kin with me!
And passion pales before the boundless calm
Of skies and sleepy groves. This freshn'ing breeze,
It seems to purify the heart within.
And now I am released for a short respite
From that dark yokefellow who drags me down;
Who, like a bat, fastens upon my soul
With hooked and spectral wing, fanning the fire
That raged within my breast for Margaret.
This mandrake passion, let me tear it up,
Although it leave my heart bleeding and racked.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephis. What! vapouring and moralizing here?
Becalmèd in a sudden lull of virtue—
Who can foretell your whim? your nose in air,
Smit with divine remorse, you stalk alone;
Anon, a sinner, rather commonplace,
You pour sweet falsehoods in a maiden's ear,
And so all ends—ah, well, a common ending.

Faust. Why hast thou followed me? Was it our bond
That you must thrust your company upon me?

Mephis. Oh, I would gladly leave you;
A surly, thankless, peevish mate, like you,
Is not amusing.
At home your Margaret sits, waiting and watching;
Longing and longing, the poor monkey cries,
“Oh, might I be a dove, that I
Might fly to him, and nestle near!”

Faust. Thou snake! thou snake!

Mephis. [*Aside*] When I trap thee!

Faust. I'm true to her, and I am ever near her.
I envy even a blessed shrine

When touched by her sweet lips.

Mephis. Ah ! yes !

I've often envied you those dainty cherries
That you have crushed with such a juicy kiss.

Faust. Silent ! be silent !

Mephis. Doctor, you make a wry face at the dish,
While your mouth waters all the while to taste it.
Go to your Margaret and dry her tears,
Arrange a visit to her home to-night,
Give her this little phial—an opiate only
To make the dragon sleep—her starched old mother—
(Her brother's at the wars, he can't disturb you,)
Put three drops in her posset, and all's well :
Take it, thou trembler ! take it, there !
What were the joy of heaven to her embrace !

[*Puts bottle in Faust's pouch.*]

Faust. And at what cost ?—the ruin of her life.
Shall I, lost soul and the abhorred of God,
Sweep down with me to hell this earthly angel ?

Mephis. Get in, thou moral rake, and dry her tears.

Faust. Fiend, thou dost warp my reason, whet my
passion,

My will and conscience wither at thy sneer.
Mine be the penalty, mine the perdition,
The doom of both be one for ever ! [Exit.

Mephis. The devil that despairs, of all poor creatures
Is the poorest.

Give me the man who will go on—straightway—
With a strong will—pig-headed, damnable ! [Exit.

SCENE 2.—*Nuremberg. Margaret's Garden. Evening.*

MARGARET at her spinning-wheel.

Mar. My peace has fled,
My heart's like lead,
I'll never find rest,
Oh ! never more.
When I have him not,

The grave's my lot,
The wide world all
Is turned to gall.
The moon was full when we two walked together,
And now it is a crescent—a long month.
It's Ah! the hopes, the starts, the coming steps—
'Tis never he who comes!
My peace has fled,
My heart's like lead,
I'll never find rest,
Oh! never more.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES slyly.

Mephis. Alone!

[Margaret shudders, continues working, and turns away her face.]

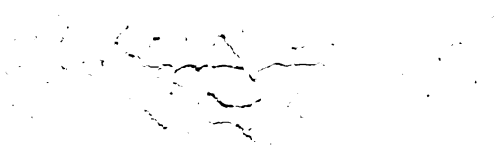
What! quite forlorn for love?
Love hath been all too kind to thee at first,
Now you begin to learn love's cruelty.

Mur. Sir, if I'm free to choose my company,
Leave me, I pray you.

Mephis. Why, what a thing is prejudice in woman!
That for some blemish, or some trick of nature,
(Say a poor smile, that fails to fascinate,)
Condemns, without a thought, an honest man.
Here have I been upon your service, Margaret,
I whom you hate, and deem your enemy,
Have sought your wandering and gloomy lover,
Touched on your pining solitude with feeling,
And he is coming full of penitence
To kiss your tears away. Kiss hard in turn,
That he may not so soon forget *your kiss*.

Mur. I die to see him—'tis my yearning hope
To catch his step—to hear his voice again;
But if he only comes on your persuasion,
Oh, let him never come.

Mephis. He comes to you because he worships you,
And I will teach you how to keep him, too.
There is one point of danger in his nature:



Avoid all mention of religion to him.
Myself, am an exemplary Christian,
Yet even I don't venture on these subjects.

Mar. [*Aside. Stopping her spinning*]. Sooth, this
man is an enemy to God,
With every shuddering instinct I can feel it.

Mephis. But if you disobey my counsels, maiden,
And talk of the redemption, faith, and prayer,
Your happiness will turn to must and blight:
Despair, disgrace, and ruin will o'ertake you,
Then, should you turn for help—

[*Mephis sees her cross, his eyes fix on it, and he
half rises to move away.*]

Mar. [*Observing, starts up*] If you are evil, and
God's enemy,
Then let this holy symbol drive thee hence.

[*She stands up, and lifts cross. He cowers away
out of the door, looking devilishly, behind.*]
He's gone! He's gone! It is some fiend disguised.

Enter FAUST.

Faust. Margaret!

Mar. My love! my love!

[*She rushes with a cry to him.*]
Why have you starved my heart—so long—so long?
Believe me, one can die of misery.

Faust. For your own sake, beloved one, not mine,
I have been absent—absent to shield thy fame.

Mar. Thy answer is so kind, and yet so cold,
'Tis meant to comfort, but it frightens me.
If thou hast tired of me, ah, do not tell me,
For I would still deceive myself awhile
Till I be used to doubt. Now doubt is death!

Faust. There is a little wail upon thy voice,
Which strives not to upbraid, not to complain,
Which pains me more than passions of reproach.

Mar. If you are yet unchanged I'll dare to speak
Words that would choke me, if you loved me not.
You say your absence was to shield my fame;

There is a better shield than absence, love.

Faust. And that?

Mar. [*Hesitatingly*] The name of—wife.

Faust. Wife—ah! dearest!

Could I but call thee wife! [*Presses her to him.*]

Mar. It is dear life to me to know thy mind.

May I implore? I promise not to blame.

Faust. We are two moths upon a rapid, dearest.

Unless the rush of fate or death shall part us—

Mar. Of fate? Then there *is* something that may
part us

Which is not death. What is it?

Faust. I am not free—grant me thy loving
patience

And perfect trust awhile—a little while.

Mar. [*Terrified*] How long? A week—a month—a
year—a life?

Till hope decays to doubt—then mortal surety

Kills me by inches.

Faust. But trust me, love,

I'll tell thee all;—another time—not now.

[*Kisses her.*]

Mar. [*With an effort*]. Thou talk'st of fate. What
dost thou mean?

Hast thou no faith in Heaven's helping hand?

Faust. Hush, hush, my child! Let it be thy gentle
woman's part to pray.

I part from thee

For a bold act that may redeem us both.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES unobserved.

Mar. Part from that man—that demon—part from
him.

Before you came he sat there by my side,

I felt like a poor bird before a snake,

But when I lifted up this sacred cross

He shrank away, unmasked, and horrible.

He is a devil, and God's enemy!

Mephis. [*Aside*]. Ay, thou shalt cower at the cross,

When I am grinning at thy agony!

Mar. [*Earnestly*]. I dreamt he sat with me last night, this friend;

I seemed to play with him a game of chance,
And for some awful stake—I shook in sleep—
Sudden it came to me, 'twas for thy soul.

Faust [*Agitated*]. Tell me no more.

Mar. He won! he won! Oh, part from him!

Faust [*To himself in low voice*]. Who knows but thou mayst win that stake? [*Aloud.*

Hope all that you desire, and it will hap.

Mar. I pray so. You must leave me now.

Faust. And must we ever part?

Mar. If I were but alone; my mother sleeps so lightly.

Faust. Nay, there's no fear. [*Shows phial.*

Mephis. [*Aside*]. Pretty to see young lovers play with crime.

Faust. Put but three drops of this into her cup at evening meal,

And it will bring a deep, refreshing sleep.

Mar. 'Twould harm her not?

Faust. If 'twould,

Canst thou believe that I would give it thee?

Mar. Ah no! [*takes phial*] I look upon thy face, and caution's gone.

So much already have I done for thee,

That now there's scarce aught left for me to do.

[*Exit. Mephis comes forward.*

Mephis. Is she gone?

Faust. Is it a portion of thy service

To play spy?

Mephis. She is so interested, doctor, the sly wench,
To know if you're religious.

Faust. Mocker! thou couldst never understand
How this deep loving one, full of her faith,
The only shining pledge she has of heaven,
Is agonized to think the one she loves
Can never meet her there.



Mephis. Ha ! Thou supersensual sensualist !
A very milkmaid leads you by the nose.
No matter. Well, to-night.

Faust. What meanest thou ?

Mephis. Oh, nothing, nothing, only—to-night.

Faust [*Turning full on him*]. Let what I have to
tell stifle thy sneers :

I mean to take young Margaret for my wife,
To twine her life to mine in holy love.
As for thy service, wait until I need it.

Mephis. Indeed ! So that is your intent ?

Faust. My changeless purpose.

I am resolved to part with her no more.

Mephis. Then in good time I'm here.

Thou shalt not wed this maid, nor dally with her
After this night.

Faust. By what pretence canst thou forbid me,
fiend ?

Mephis. Thou answer'st me

As if I were some credulous, dull mate.

I am a spirit, and I know thy thought.

You think you may be fenced round by-and-by

With sprinkled holy water, lifted cross—

While you and your pale saint might hold a siege

Against the scapegoat—'gainst the devil here.

Ere that should be I'd tear thee limb from limb,

Thy blood I'd dash upon the wind like rain,

And all the gobbets of thy mangled flesh

I'd scatter to the dogs, that none should say

This carrion once was Faust !

Yon cottage would I snatch up in a whirlwind,

At dead midnight, like pebble in a sling,

And hurl it leagues away, a crumbled mass,

With its crushed quivering tenant under it.

Dost know me now ?

Faust. Fiend, I obey,

Mephis. When hell's aroused in me, beware !

[*Business.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Nuremberg. Street, by Church.

BESSY, IDA, ALICE, and CATHERINE at fountain.

Bessy.

AND you've not heard of it?
Ida. No, no, indeed.

Bessy. You may believe it every word—
She's flung herself away at last.

Ida. What, Barbara?

Bessy. Aye, Barbara.

Ida. I cannot think it.

Bessy. 'Tis true enough.

Why all the town begins to talk of it.

Enter MARGARET.

Girls. Here's Margaret.

Bessy. So, Valentine will soon be back again.
Well, he should stay at home hereafter.
Have you heard any news of Barbara lately?

Mar. No, not a word.

Bessy. We were just talking of her pretty doings.
She has tripped at last. I thought it would be so.

Mar. What mean you?

[*Bessy whispers in her ear.*]

Ah! alas! alas!

Bessy. Oh, she's herself to blame—
Such airs and graces! Going with him everywhere—
To village fairs and dances. Serves her right.
She took his vows forsooth, and kept his presents,

Parading at his side, kissing and courting,
And looking down with pride upon her neighbours.

Mar. Poor girl! poor girl! I pity her.

Bessy. Pity her! Methinks you haven't much to
do, then.

When we were cooped within and kept at work,
There was she ever sporting with her lover.

The time, oh, never was too long for them.

Well, well, she'll rue it now—

Now comes the stool and white sheet of repentance.

Mar. But surely he will wed her.

Bessy. Will he? Wed her? More fool he.

A fine young fellow—can have lots of choice.

Besides, he's off to other fields.

Mar. Ah! that's not fair.

Bessy. Fair! it will go ill with her if he come back.

Why, they would tear her garland from her,

And scatter chaff before her door.

Ida. Hush, hush, be quiet. She loved Barbara,
Grief for her mother's death, is load enough to bear.

[*Distant march.*

Bessy. Hark! hark! the drums! Our sweethearts
back.

Girls. I wonder has Fritz come home?—And
Hans?—And Peter? &c., &c. [*Exeunt.*

Mar. How scornful once was I, and how severe

When some poor maiden fell. How self-content

In my own virtue. Now, alas! I am

What I despised—a living sin.

God knows! he seemed so good, and dear, so true.

[*Places flowers before a shrined image
of the Virgin. Night coming on.*

Oh, holy maiden! Thou who knowest sorrow,
Thou through whose anguished heart the sword hath
pierced,

Incline thy gracious countenance to me.

My misery is past my tongue to tell.

Thou knowest—thou alone—why sinks within

My trembling heart; how terror ever follows

My footsteps as my shadow, haunting me ;
How that I weep the night out sleeplessly.
These flowers I bring are watered by my tears.
Oh, heal this bleeding heart—oh, rescue me
From death and shame ! Mother of many sorrows !
Have pity, oh, have pity—turn to me !
[Returns to house. Citizens, soldiers, &c., cross.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Home ! home again !
Ah me ! ah me !
At drinking bouts, when my companions boasted
Of this lass, and of that, I fixed mine elbow
Upon the table, and I stroked my beard ;
Then, with a smile, and the full glass in hand,
Each to their taste, said I—but show me her
Is fit to tie my sister Margaret's shoe.
Then, what a clinking ! pride of all her sex,
She took the prize ; but now—
Now, every rascal thinks he has a right
To sneer, and wink, and, worst of all, to pity.
[*Mephistopheles creeps across.*
So, like a bankrupt, I must sit and wince, for now,
A pest on it ! I cannot call them liars.
What is this fellow creeping towards me here ?
If it be he,
I'll stretch him dead beneath his mistress' window.
[*He retires.*

Enter FAUST.

Faust. Ever, when I wended to this house,
I've seen her little lamp set up to greet me,
But now the window's black, and in my heart
I feel a blackness too.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephis. And I feel like a tom-cat on the tiles
That crawls on tiptoe round the chimney-pots.

To-morrow is the sabbath of the witches ;
Walpurgis-night upon the Brocken top.
I'll introduce you there—'twill cheer you up.

Faust. They say her mother's dead.

Mephis. There's one old lady less upon the census !

Faust [*Suddenly*]. What was that phial which you
gave to make her mother sleep ?

Mephis. Eh ? only a few drops to take her gently
off.

Faust. What has befallen her ?

Mephis. Oh, she has only lost her character.

Faust. Ah ! in what toils of misery I'm entangled.
Her mother murder'd, murder'd by me !

Mephis. Now that the stars are bright, and the sky
clear,

I'll sing a serenade to my old sweetheart ;
Your pretty Margaret's window fronts the garden.

[*Makes frightful sound on lute.*]

Faust. Cease, cease that hideous noise.

[*Goes to back of house.*]

Mephis. Hideous ! Why, 'tis divine !

[*Sings*]. "Oh, Martha, wake ! list to your loving
wight,

Your filmy eyes uncloze,

My dry-pressed withered rose,

And like the downy owl,

That wise and patient fowl,

Peep from your nest and hoot me a good night.

Ho, ho, ho, ho, haw, haw,

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, haw, haw.

[*Valentine comes forward.*]

Val. What's this infernal bray, old ratcatcher ?

[*Smashes the lute.*]

Mephis. Thou inharmonious bumpkin,
Hast thou no music in thy composition ?

Val. I am a soldier.

I only know what wounds a soldier's honour,
And how to slit a foul seducer's throat.

Re-enter FAUST.

Faust. The door is fast.

Val. Thou coward, draw !

Mephis. Draw what ?—A cup of ale ?—

Faust. I know no cause of quarrel, sir, with you !

Mephis. If you affect the old dame, don't be jealous.

Val. [*Furiously to Faust*]. Wilt wait until I strike thee ?

Mephis. Out with your goose-quill, Doctor ;
Keep by me.

Faust. I want no aid.

Val. Villains, have at you. [*They draw.*]

Mephis. Lunge like fury, Doctor, I will parry.

Val. Then parry that.

Mephis. Why not ?

Val. That too.

Mephis. Just so.

Val. And that, and that, and that.

Mephis. With pleasure.

Val. I think the Devil fights against me.—

My right hand is benumbed.

Mephis. Thrust home.

Val. O God !

Mephis. Ha, ha !

Faust. This is murder !

Martha [*At window*]. Help ! help ! help here !

[*IDA and ALICE have seen part of fight, and have hurried off to give alarm.*]

Mephis. The old one yelps.
Show them your heels.

Faust. I will not go !

Mephis. Fool ! do'st know who 'tis ? Look in his face.

Faust [*Alarmed*]. Whose face ?

Mephis. Whose ? her brother's.

Faust. Her brother ! God !

Mephis. The hue and cry is up ; come, don't stand gaping there.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter IDA with ERSTER, VIERTER, and *People*.

Vierter. Ah ! here lies one.

Erster. A desperate wound ; he 'll bleed to death.
Run for the guard. Poor lad, poor lad !

Vierter. This is a murder !

Soldier. Why, let me look.

'Tis Valentine, our comrade Valentine.

People. Valentine !

Soldier. How is it, comrade. Here, drink this.

Vierter. Poor Valentine ! He is but now come home.

Enter ALTMAYER and *People* at various entrances.

Altmayer. Why, what's the matter here ?

Vierter. A poor lad just come from the wars—
Here stabbed to death. The soldier Valentine !

Altmayer. What, Valentine ! and by his mother's door !

Enter from their houses MARGARET and MARTHA.

Martha. Oh, my good neighbours, what's the matter ?

Mar. Who is it that lies here ?

Erster. Your brother !

Mar. My brother ! Ah, God help—it cannot—
[Wildly] Who——

[Bends, and looks close at the face. He pushes her roughly off. She totters and hides her face on Martha's shoulder.]

Oh, he will curse me !

Val. I'm dying, but of that I reck not now,
Come hither, close, to me—I'd speak with you.

Mar. He must not die ! Oh, let me staunch the blood.

Val. Let be, let be ! [To Martha] stand thou away from me ;

To thee I speak. Margaret, thou art but young,
And hast not wit enough to push thy trade,
For you're a wanton—be a bold one, then.

Mar. Hush, brother! Oh, God! what is't you say?

Val. Best leave God's name out of the comedy;
What's done, alas! can't be undone, my girl.
And now you enter on your new career,
And then will flock the flies around the honey!

Mar. Spare me! your dreadful words will kill me!

Val. The time will come
When honest folk will turn from you in horror,
And from your tainted presence shrink away.
No more in snowy dress before the altar
You'll take your stand! No more with maiden pride,
In neat lace collar, lead the village dance!
But 'neath some shameless roof hide with your kind.

Martha. Commend your soul to God, nor slander
folk

With your last breath.

Val. Vile procuress, would I could gripe thy neck,
And crush thy wither'd body! For that deed
I might have absolution for my sins.

Mar. Brother, although thy answer strike me dead,
Tell me, who dealt thy wound?

Val. Thy lover! *[Dies.]*

Mar. Ah! O, God!

*[Margaret flings up her arms, and falls upon him
with a cry.]*

Martha. Lift him within the house.
Come, Margaret, love!

Mar. Leave me, leave me—to think and pray.

*[Crowd disperse. Margaret leans against the
wall of Martha's house, staring at the
ground.]*

*Enter BESSY and CATHERINE. They are told in dumb
show what has happened.*

Alice. Killed by her lover.

Bessy. Ah, now you see that she was guilty;

Her brother would have slain him for his crime.

Alice [*To Mar.*]. You've got his blood upon you,
'twas your fault.

Catherine. How harden'd she appears ; she drops
her eyes,
And dare not look at us.

Bessy. Come, we'll go pray
For your poor brother's soul, killed by your gentleman.

[*They pass by, staring insultingly. Ida returns
slowly, kisses Margaret, and exits into chapel.
Margaret staggers to porch.*

Mar. [*At foot of Virgin and Child.*] Oh, thou, who
borest pangs the bitterest,
Whose heart was pierced, look down on me with pity!
[*Enters church.*

Enter FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. I tell thee, manhood, honour, drag me back !
A misery that sickens and appals me,
Thou canst regard with a complacent grin.
Ah ! she's there ! she's there !

Mephis. You shall not enter ! [Seizing him.

Faust. Unhand me, fiend !

[*Mephis thrusts him off, with the following spell.*

Spell upon thy brain I cast,
Fade all memory of the past ;
Magic mist I spread around,
Senseless thou to sight or sound.
Sleep secure at my command
Till thou wake in witches' land.

[*A vapour rises and Faust disappears.*
Now weave the woof of ill begun ;
Till this woman's soul be won.

[*Skirts along the house ; shrugging his
shoulders at the blood.*

Invisible I'll mingle in her prayers,
And tempt her to a future mortal sin.

[*Enters church.*

CATHEDRAL. *Organ.*

MARGARET *kneeling*, MEPHISTOPHELES *behind her*.

Mephis. Margaret, how changed art thou since to
the altar

Thou cam'st a sinless child. How canst thou pray?
A dying brother's curse is in thine ear!

Mar. Oh, who but thou canst know my agony?
I have no refuge now but thee! [*To Virgin.*]

Chorus with organ.

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla.

Mephis. Margaret, dost pray for mercy
On thy poor mother's soul to torments gone?

Mar. Sorrow and shame encircle me like fire.
Within my breast my guilt doth cry aloud.
Help, mother of the pierc'd heart! Oh, save me
From that I fear, the shadow that approaches.

Chorus.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Mephis. What secret crime hides in thy once pure
bosom?

What stirs and quickens 'neath thy trembling heart?
Destroy all trace of guilt; bury it—hide it—
Or let the rapid river bear it unto the sea.

Mar. The massy pillars seem to totter over me!
The vaulted arches crush me!

Mephis. Hast thou not killed thy mother!
Scruple not to kill thy babe!

[*Margaret shrieks and falls.*]

Chorus.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronem rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus.

[*Darkness. Lonely street. MEPHISTOPHELES seen
stealing out of the church.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

Summit of the Brocken.

Witches fly across.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES *climbing.*

Mephis.

DOST thou not wish thou hadst a broomstick,
friend ?

I wish I had a tough he-goat to ride.

Hark ! to the crashing woods !

The affrighted owls are on the wing ;

Oohoo ! Shooohoo ! Oohoo ! Shooohoo !

Cling to my cloak—fear nothing. See

The blaze of Mammon stretch'd in tented fires.

Bravely illumined is his festal palace.

Thou art in luck to-night—Lo !

The invited guests approach, a boisterous rabble !

Faust. The tempest raves around—it dims my sight
And fiercely beats on me.

Mephis. Hold fast—lest thou be hurled in the abyss.
The night with mist is black—

The forest boughs are at wild wrestle.

Hark to the voices, up the wind they come

With their mad witching song !

Witches in chorus.

The witches ride to the Brocken's top—

The stubble is yellow and green the crop.

Enter 1st Witch, meeting 2nd Witch.

1st Witch.

Which way comest thou hither?

2nd Witch.

Over the Ilsen stone;

I peeped at the owl in her nest alone.

Witches.

The way is weary, the way is long,

See what a wild and crazy throng.

Wizards.

We crawl along like a snail in shell,

Before us go the women—but then,

In travelling down the road to hell,

We back the women to beat the men.

Wizard above.

Come on, come on, from Rocky Lake!

Both Choruses.

The wind is hushed, the stars shoot by,

The dreary moon forsakes the sky,

The magic notes like spark on spark

Drizzle whistling through the dark.

3rd Witch below.

Halt there! ho, there!

4th Witch above.

Who calls from the rocky cleft below there?

Enter 3rd Witch.

Oh, take me! I'm full of aches and fears,

I'm climbing now three hundred years,

I cannot go on, and I cannot stop,

And I think I'll never reach the top.

Both Choruses.

The broom and the branch in the air will float,

And a goodly steed is an old buck goat;

He who cannot find mount to-night
Can never join in the witches' flight.

3rd Witch.

I totter alone and stumble—Alack !
In passing they pushed me and pinched me and clawed.
At home I cannot find rest for my back,
And now I cannot get peace abroad.

Both Choruses.

Witches' salve is good to cure ;
A rag will answer for a sail ;
The trough a goodly ship and sure ;
They'll never fly who whine and quail.

[*They settle down.*

Mephis. What a crowding, pushing, squealing !
What a roaring, grinning, screaming !
Whirl ! leap and chatter ! shine and spirt !
Give us the true witch element !
Where art thou ?

Faust (*in the distance*). Here.

Mephis. What, art thou whirled so far away ?
Am I thy host or lacquey. Clear the way !

Faust. Better the airy summit I must own
Than is a stew of fire and smoke.
They seek the Evil One—He is too near !
How many riddles, there, might find solution.

Mephis. Aye, riddles tangled in a hundred knots,
And when untangled—worthless.
Let the great world pursue its course, we'll tarry here.

Faust. What are the figures yonder doing,
As round a gibbet in their filthy rags ?

Mephis. Heed them not, they brew some hellish
mess.

Faust. See how they move, with soundless tread,
As flit the bats—ah, yonder, yonder !
Alone and far a girl most pale and fair,
With slow and trailing feet she comes to us,
Methinks—— 'tis——— Margaret !

Mephis. Illusion ! Heed it not—born of a dream.
It is a frenzy—lifeless phantasy.
Avoid its stare—'twill work upon thy blood,
Thy brain, 'twill make thee mad.

Faust. Those eyes have ne'er been closed by loving
hands.

Dead !—Yet those the lips I once have pressed,
That is the form I clasped.——

Mephis. Fool, 'tis but magic !

Faust. Ah ! what means that slender scarlet line
Around her throat—no broader than a knife.

Margaret !—Margaret !

[*Thunder.*

[*Sudden darkness.*

Mephis. The curse of hell upon it ! Vanish !
Now music wild, hellish, infernal, and then mad !

[*Mad dance.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

Nuremberg. Dungeon. Moonlight. MARGARET in chains.

Mar.

MY mother, the harlot,
Who put me to death ;
My father, the varlet,
Who eaten me hath !
Little sister, so good,
Laid my bones in the wood,
In the damp moss and clay :
Then was I a beautiful bird o' the wood.
Fly away ! fly away !

[Door unlocks. Faust enters with lamp.]

Faust. O God ! and has it come to this, chained in
a felon's cell ;

A criminal without a taint of guilt,

[Mephistopheles appears at prison bars.]

Whose crazy hand hath snatched her infant's life.

Mephis. *[Who has entered]*. She's not the first. ✓

Faust. Infinite spirit ! who doth hear him mock,
Change him into a reptile or a hound !
Ah ! not the first !

Mephis. I love her, soul and body, more than thou.
I've thrown a spell of sleep upon her jailers,
And we will bear her hence, living or dead. *[Exit.]*

Mar. *[Counting]*. One, two, three,—I have yet five
hours to live.

Faust *[Softly]*. Hush ! hush ! my love—I come to
save thee.

Mar. *[On her knees]*. Headsman, you come too soon.
Canst thou not wait till morn ?

Faust. Dearest, look in my face ; thou shalt not die.
Dost thou not know me ?

Mar. Ah, God has sent some friend—you pity me.
I once was fair, and that was my undoing ;
And I was—Ah, I have forgotten now.

Faust. Come, thou art free !

Mar. Nay, hold me not with such a cruel grasp.
Spare me ; what have I ever done to thee ?
I never saw thy face before.

Faust. Seest thou not I am——

Mar. First let me rock my little babe asleep,
Or it will cry to part so from its mother.
They took away my child to torture me,
And now they say I've killed it.
Yes, yes.

Faust. Oh, Margaret ! Margaret !

Mar. That was the voice of my lover.
Where now is all my pain ? I heard his voice.

Faust. Margaret, I'm here—I've come to set you
free.

Mar. 'Tis thou ! 'tis thou ! I'm saved.
Nay, stay a while, a little while.
I love to stay with thee.

Faust. Come, come with me.

Mar. Hast thou forgotten me ?
Why feel I now so sad upon thy neck ?
Thy lips are cold, are dead—I'm Margaret.
Ah ! thou hast heard my shame ; dost
Know my crime ? [*Whispers.*] I've killed my mother
and killed my babe.
And is it thou indeed ?

Faust. Yes, yes.

Mar. And do you take me to your heart again,
And do you know who 'tis you are delivering ?

Faust. Come, come, the morning fades.

Mar. Give me thy hand. Mother doth sleep ; the
sweetbriar, wet with dew,
Gives all its heavy sweetness to the night.
Oh, welcome ; but speak low, she might awake.

Give me thy hand—thy dear, dear hand—oh, God !
There's blood upon it—wipe it off—blood, blood !
What hast thou done ?

Faust. Oh ! think not of the past.
Thy words are death to me.

Mar. No, thou must live. To-morrow, I must die.
And I must tell thee how to range the graves,
And thou must see to it by break of day.

[Sits on bed and points to floor.]

My mother, the best place—next her my brother :
Me well apart, but, dearest, not too far,
And by my side my little one shall lie.

Faust. Wish you that both of us be lost to-night ?
Give me your hand, I'll guide you.

Mar. Keep to the path up to the wood ;
Now to the left. See, by the plank—the pond.
Quick, seize it !—see, it tries to rise. Help ! help !

Faust. Ay, quick ! Come, we will try to save it.

Mar. Oh, I could breathe if only past the hill.
There sits my mother on a stone—her eyes
Are set—her hand lies dead, and pale, and heavy.

Faust. The day is breaking.

Mar. Yes, 'tis my last day.
See—now the gloomy crowd—they fill the square,
They fill the streets—a thousand upturned faces—
All staring at the scaffold and the block.
Ah, dearest, let me see thee, in that crowd.
Stretch up thy hands that I may find thy face.

Faust. Margaret, thou shalt not die.
Recall thy wandering mind.
Upon my knees I beg of thee to come,
Thy prison doors are open ; let us fly.

Mar. Where ? Out yonder ?

Faust. Yes, into the free air.

Mar. Is the grave out there ? Doth death lie in
wait ?

Then come ! from here, to eternal rest.
I feel death, like a delivering angel
Sent straight from God, descending on my heart :

Perchance in mercy I might die to-night.
Nay, let us kneel and pray that God will strike
The chains of sin from our despairing souls
Because of our great love and all my sorrow.
He may have pity, and may save us both.
What shape is that, that rises from the earth ?

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis he !

Merciful God, I yield myself to thee.

Mephis. . Too late ! She's judged !

[Seizes Margaret.

[Voice replies "She's saved !"

Mephis. Hither to me ! *[Disappears with Faust.*

[Vision.

Curtain.

3 Ws

